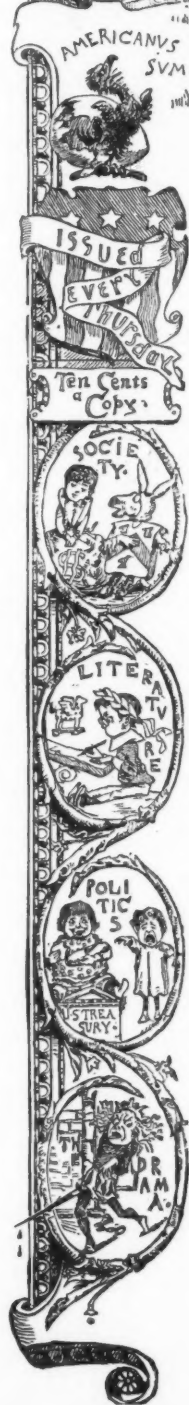
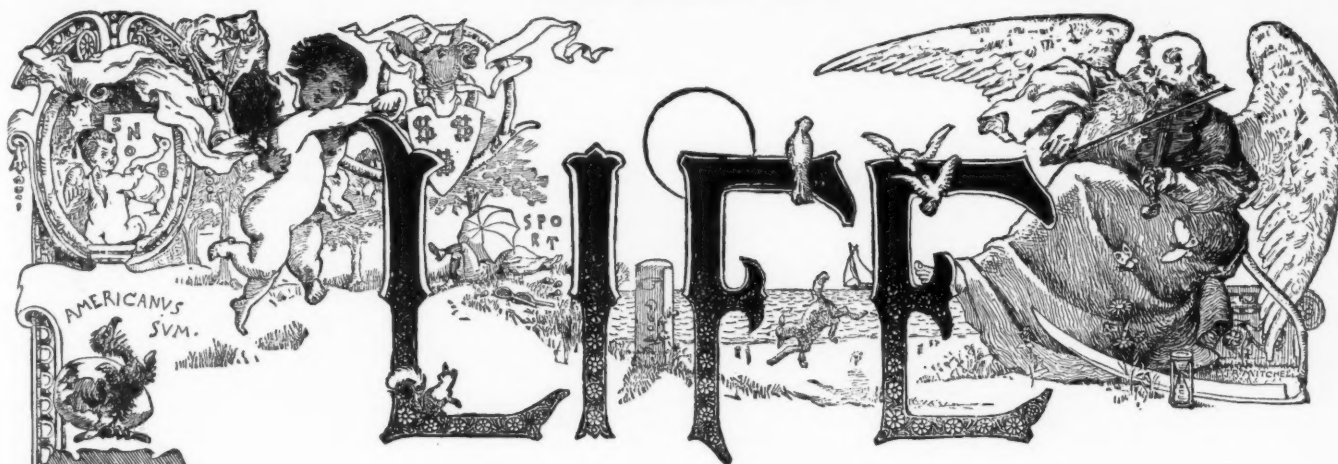


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"THE DARLING ITTY PRECIOUS IS ALWAYS HUNGRY, 'ES HE IS!"



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AN AGE OF MIRACLES.

The Hostess: SOCIETY POSSESSES A POWER THAT IS ALMOST MAGICAL.

"IT DOES, INDEED. HOW EASILY, FOR INSTANCE, IT TRANSFORMS AN ASS INTO A LION."

SPRING FEVER.

I WANT to go to Boston! There's something in the air—
The breath of spring; some restless germ unnamed;
it's everywhere—

That somehow makes my spirit loathe all tasks and discipline,
And seasonably stirs it up to bolt the rut it's in.

Oh, clang of gongs on cable cars! Oh, rattling trains o'erhead!
Oh, hustle of this driving town! Oh, life too briskly sped!
'Twixt you and me 'twere sweet to put a temporary gap,
And go and sit awhile in Boston's calm, commodious lap.

'Tis true, it's not the town it was some twenty years ago,
For even Boston can't neglect its Yankee right to grow;
But still, one finds a peerless club just where one found it
then,

And gazing out on Beacon Hill those same good Boston
men.

I want to play with them awhile, and hear their Boston prate,
And note their spreading dearth of hair and irksome gains
in weight;

And, just as an experiment, there might perhaps be tried
One Boston cocktail's work in an abstemious inside.

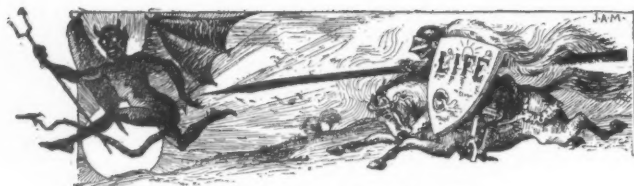
I want to drive on Brookline roads, past homes where lives
are spent

In fiscal ease, and sport and intellectual content;
And see the Dedham polo sharps their livers' weal promote,
And hear on India wharf the lay that greets the Portland boat.

Oh, Boston, sweet are your delights, and though they may
seem vain

To minds austere, my spirit craves the taste of them again.
Oh, heavenly town when one is tired! this good one may discern
In you that Heaven has not, since one may taste you, and
return.

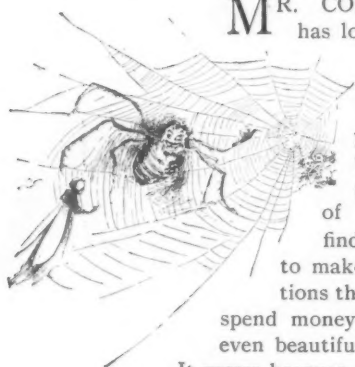
E. S. Martin.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIX. JUNE 3, 1897. No. 754.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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MR. CONTROLLER FITCH, who has long lived and labored in New York, accounts for its great growth by declaring that it is "the pleasantest and most profitable place to live in on the American continent." A great many people seem to be of Mr. Fitch's opinion. They find New York an excellent place to make money in, and no one questions that it is an admirable place to spend money in. It grows splendid and even beautiful—more beautiful every year.

It grows because men come to it, and put their several shoulders to its various wheels. It is good for New York that men do come, but just how good it is for the men is not quite so clear. Do they grow, too, except in wealth? Does New York develop men, or merely use them, pay them, and bury them? Is it good for families as well as for selected individuals? It will be remembered that the prudent fox declined the lion's invitation to visit him in his den, because he observed that all the tracks pointed inward, and none the other way. Very great cities like New York seem open to this same objection. Everyone notices the constant stream of life and strength that flows into them, but the counter-current out is less conspicuous. It is smaller, for one thing, since, of course, rapid growth implies an inflow that is much greater than the outflow; but that is not so much the point as that so many of the men whom the city gets seem strong and able, and so many of their descendants seem feeble—better adapted to play than to work, fitter to spend money than to earn it. No doubt, though, in so far as that is true, it is part of the natural order of things, which decrees that men, like beef or wheat, shall be raised in the country for consumption in town. If it were not that rents are high in New York, and food somewhat dear here, and air and light high-priced, and the pace wearing to some people, and the summer heat excessive, and especially if it were not that the footprints, all seeming

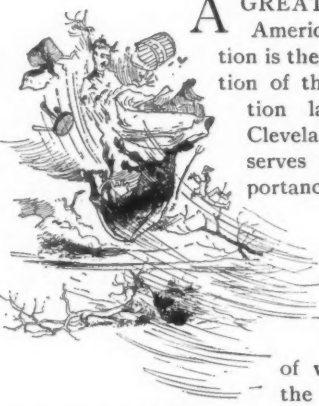
to point one way, make some simple country people apprehensive, everyone who could would come here to live.

It is well that there should be some considerations, however ineffectual, to keep people away, for it takes many sorts of men to make a nation, and some of the usefulest kinds are such as no great city has yet been able to produce.



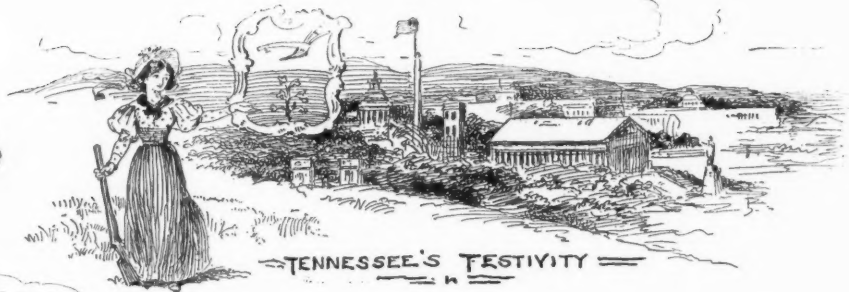
LET us take the Cuban excitement as easy as we can, and hope that what action, if any, our government takes will be just and honorable. Senator Morgan is a painfully wrong-headed man, and it's hard to believe that any measure he advocates can be wise. But really, if it is a choice of whether we shall make the mistake of helping Cuba too little or of helping her too much, most of us would rather err in overdoing. It is not clear to LIFE that recognizing the Cubans as belligerents will do them

any particular good, but matters are in a bad way down there, and though any prudent citizen would naturally be loath to follow the Senate in any measure it might devise to better them, if the President should resolve upon action we may hope it may be such action as humane and cool-headed people may approve.



A GREAT deal more important to Americans than any Cuban question is the matter of the preservation of the forests. By proclamation last February, President Cleveland made new forest reserves of great extent and importance. The Senate voted to annul his proclamation and turn over these tracts to the lumbermen. The House, however, refused to concur. Few people appreciate of what vital importance to the future of the country

this matter of forest preservation is. The Mississippi floods, the destructive Western cyclones and other kindred evils are traceable very largely to ignorant and blind destruction of Western forests. The great forests everywhere in the United States should be under skilled scientific supervision, and it is the business of Congress and of the various State legislatures to see that they get it. Once they are destroyed it will be almost impossible to make them grow again. It is to the credit of Governor Black that he has shown himself disposed to protect the Adirondack forests in this State.



ON THE WAR PATH

MR REED'S HOUSE
BUSINESS HOURS
11-3
ALTERNATE THURSDAYS



HE THAT MUST BE OBEYED
I take upon myself the task of addressing to you
anxious solicitude my expression of the wish
that you will complete the historic successes of your
soldiers by a suspension of hostilities
She Gov to the Sulphur



OUR FRESH-AIR FUND.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$185 80
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Fairfield, Katharine, Dorothy and A. M. G., Jr.....	12 00
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GOOD AMERICAN CITIZENS IN FICTION.

IN times when even careful political philosophers are expressing grave doubts about the stability of the bulk of American citizens, particularly in the West, it is gratifying to come upon a volume of stories like "The Missionary Sheriff" (Harper), by Octave Thanet, who has won an assured position by careful and accurate observation of real people in Iowa and Arkansas. She has no social theory to confirm, no fad of a philanthropic nature to exploit; what she is after is character as it expresses itself among people who live the average life of those who must work for their daily bread. The native shrewdness and humor of the Westerner who is proud of his successes, big and little, and not too much disheartened by adversity, crop out all over these tales.

But whatever phases of humor and pathos, comedy and tragedy, appear in the stories, under it all is what the author evidently believes to be the heart of the true American; and he is always sound at the core. He is never too poor to help some one poorer;

never too wicked to be beyond the appeal of sympathy. And there is a robustness about this outcropping of goodness that robs it of all taint of emotionalism. The fine actions are done with the grace of chivalry and the reserve of good taste. The humor of the man of the West always pulls any sentimental situation "out of the hole," as he would say.

These are not prairie stories, but have the air of a thriving town. The Sheriff is a product of not only frontier conditions, but of city complications. He is brave and gentle, fearless and kind. He has his own standards of fine clothes and luxury in his apartments at the jail. He is without any of the swagger of Bret Harte's officers of the law, but when it comes to a great situation, like the episode of the Indian raid on a lonely farmhouse, he can equal Bret Harte's men in cunning and physical daring.

The men do not have it all their own way, for there are some charming women—but the Sheriff overshadows them all. He adds to your faith in the efficacy of the republic to produce good citizens, and impels the belief that such as he will produce a cleaner, stronger republic.

* * *

AND James Lane Allen's poetic tale of pioneer days in Kentucky, "The Choir Invisible" (Macmillan), shows that there ought to be good citizens out there, for good stuff went into the making of those States. The material hardships of pioneering have

been so dwelt upon in fiction and history, that it takes a book like this to remind people that refined, cultivated people did pioneering in the West, as well as in New England; that all the salt of the country was not wasted on the hills of the seaboard States. It is a good thing to have Mr. Allen exploit in a story the idealism of a man who was not a New England Puritan, either on his father's or mother's side. The Southern cavalier and the Puritan of the North have had their full show. Hail to the Scotch-Irishman of the Middle States! He ought to have a chance in fiction, and Mr. Allen has made a good beginning.

They were and are a great race, and they did not talk either Yankee or negro dialect—but good, straight Elizabethan English. Mr. Allen deserves hearty thanks for not inventing a new and atrocious spelling to suit the new type in fiction. *Droch.*

SOME people seem to think they are making progress just because their friends are going backward.

UNANIMOUS.

THE FOND MOTHER: Everybody says he is such a pretty baby! I'm sure the poet was right when he said that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

THE UNCLE (unfeeling): But he should have added, "So does everybody else!"



NOT AT LIFE'S FARM.



John G. Sweeney

"THE WAY GIRLS CARRY ON NOWADAYS IS POSITIVELY AWFUL. THE VERY IDEA OF GETTING ENGAGED TO HALF A DOZEN MEN IN A SEASON! PEOPLE DIDN'T DO THAT WHEN I WAS YOUNG."

"DON'T YOU THINK TIMES HAVE IMPROVED WONDERFULLY SINCE THEN, GRANDMA?"



WHERE?

WHERE are those gentle
bards of song
That once we used to know?
They were a sweet and soulful
throng,
Of classic pace, and slow.

Alas! a swifter gait they went,
They conquered but to die;
Beneath the Colored Supple-
ment
Their ashes buried lie.

On Fame's eternal dumping-
ground
Their vanished names are
spread,
And glory guards with grief profound
The pay-roll of the dead.

LIFE'S PERSONALLY CONDUCTED
TOURS.

PROLOGUE AND PROSPECTUS.

ANCESTORS



OUR American Aristocracy is the most restless on land or sea; it is continually flitting, like a gorgeous, droning bug, from place to place; restless, brilliant, elusive, flashing here and dazzling there with all the impressive grandeur of a variety artist's breastpin.

One American aristocrat in the Buddhist Nirvana would give nervous prostration to every one of the billions of leisurely shades in that quiet retreat. Of course the thoughtless deride this perpetual locomotion; the superficial deplore it; the unscientific condemn the social flutterers, and the inert and lazy resent them with a snortful anger. Yet there is a sound philosophy underlying this whirling dervishism; there is reason in the selection of St. Vitus as society's patron; these social grubs and butterflies are following a well-known natural law in their laudable efforts to provide a vulgar and unappreciative republic with an aristocracy of guaranteed old families.

Every chemist knows that motion produces on certain spirits the same

results as long stretches of time; hence certain processes are in vogue among eminent distillers to give to raw and inexperienced brands of whiskey that smoothness and age so much admired in the refined and thirsty military circles of Kentucky. Our aristocracy is new, raw and flamboyant, and has a laudable ambition to be smooth, ancient and dignified; and if the chemical formula of mo-

tion, agitation and hustle is not so successful with new blood as with new whiskey, it can at least give to a raw, crude, embryotic *haut ton* a shiny, slickery, shellac-like finish that is the despair and envy of some of our most eminent bunko steerers.

A millionaire just from the gulch in the pig-iron stage, a distinguished soap-maker, an eminent railroad wrecker sweet and fresh from the



"ISN'T THAT AWFUL!"

green lamb pastures of Wall Street, the horny-handed chief of a coal, iron or oil industry, can be run through society's preparatory machine, and, by judicious circuiting, be made as attractive and wholesome as a decrepit French marquis. The wives and daughters of these crude Croesuses are of course charming at all times, yet even on them seasonable circulation has a subduing effect. It becomes possible after a few seasons to view their gowns without cotton in the ears; one may sit within fifty yards of them at the opera and still distinguish the base-drum in the orchestra; their diamonds may be counted without the aid of colored glasses; the necessity for labeling them at the Horse Show ceases; and they no longer deem the publication of their names in the fetid Sunday press an epoch-making event.

New York is the nursery of aristocrats on this continent. The candidates for admission come from all parts of the country, though a majority are cradled in the Sierras, Chicago, the oil and coal fields, and in that Gehenna of the agricultural mind, Wall Street. The number of applicants is limited by the superserviceable zeal of the police and the candidates' lack of tact in financial transactions, whereby they miss society and are compelled to bury their social attractions in various State institutions. In New York the new aspirants for social notoriety serve a probationary period under the vigilant and captious eyes of those already inside what is called the charmed circle, the ring of gold. Many methods are in vogue of reaching this celestial spot, but spot cash is probably the most effective passport.

Caterers, tailors, milliners, dress-makers and architects are important parts of the probationary machinery; and the newcomer is cleansed, smoothed, housed, dressed, fed, and taught the correct methods of eating, drinking, speaking and appearing, by these expert trainers. The evidences of gulch and stockyard, the odor of factory, mine and oil-well, and even stains on reputation, are removed

during the ascent of the golden stairs; and before the candidate has reached the third degree of his initiation he learns to act as though this strange and artificial life had always been his. The man is seldom absolutely successful in this; the woman, gifted with more imagination and nerve, always is.

In time the new aristocrat is mentioned in the papers; he gets into a house or two; he has a box at the opera, and exhibits that fearless eloquence the place demands. He has now reached a point where he can stand without hitching, and is ready to go afield. He will visit watering

places, mountain, lake and sea resorts; he will learn to stop apologizing for his origin, and calmly deny it; he will acquire what society calls manners, but seldom good breeding; he will learn to watch the cracks in the shellac of his pretensions, and master the fine art of cutting his friends.

Our aristocracy is neither sufficiently understood nor appreciated; the profoundly philosophical hidden springs of their actions are not understood; nor have a proper reverence and awe for our peerage been inculcated.

To correct these errors, LIFE will personally conduct a series of tours during the summer months to a variety of popular fashionable and summer resorts. The purpose of these tours is educational; to bring our aristocracy and democracy closer together; to show the germ of our nobility at Coney Island, and trace his growth, development, flower and fruit through various culture spots up to that pinnacle of American social glory, Lenox.



TOO MUCH.

Sue: MAGGIE, WOULD YOU RATHER DIE AN' BE A ANGEL WITH A HARP, OR HAVE THAT WEDDIN' DRESS?

Mag: OH, DON'T ASK ME! THE TEMPTATION IS TOO TERRIBLE!





LIFE •



FIRST LOVE



A ROUND OF PLEASURE.

(Without acknowledgments to LIFE.)



TO take things from LIFE without acknowledgment isn't burglary, because the element of forcible entry is lacking. Technically, it is probably grand larceny combined with sneak-thieving. But LIFE is getting used to it. Writers for the comic stage who are afflicted with brain-fag have so often helped themselves from its columns, that LIFE is getting to be like the eel who didn't mind being skinned.

The author of "A Round of Pleasure," at the Knickerbocker Theatre, has not only availed himself of this journal's letter-press, but has also taken one of its double-page illustrations, and of it made one of the most effective settings of the piece. He makes no acknowledgment, which leads LIFE to admire him more for his taste than for his integrity or courtesy.

"A Round of Pleasure" is one of those queer combinations which are supposed to please people in summer. It contains a vague idea concerning an inventor who has discovered something which makes people act out their real motives, instead of those they

affect. This result is brought around by luminous wafers which he casts about, and which most of the audience, who have not been taken into the confidence of the plot, imagine to be sparks dropping from arc lights somewhere in the flies. But in entertainments of this nature no plot is necessary, and the audience never misses this one.

The essentials are bright music, scenic effects, some fun, and a number of young women with more complexion than clothing. The music in this case is by Mr. Ludwig Englander, who has done far better things. It is of the kind that Du Maurier says no one ever forgot and no one ever remembered. The scenic effects are good, especially the one taken from LIFE, and the gorgeous ballroom in the last act. The fun is not much nor often. Most of it is furnished by two imitations of Weber and Fields. The dirtiness of some of their speeches should cause their forcible ejection from the stage.

But the young women! They are numerous and of exceeding comeliness. Their costumes are made of the richest materials. This is not as extravagant as it appears, for what the costumes make up in quality they lack in quantity. In this gay coterie a yard-and-a-half remnant furnishes quite a number of complete suits, with something left over for crazy quilts. The dancings and groupings are very effective.

Most of the people in the cast are unknown to fame, and are likely to remain so. Mr. Walter Jones, of "1492" memory, and Mr. Jerome Sykes, will be recognized, but only because of their past performances, for this piece provides nothing for their abilities.

"A Round of Pleasure" is handsomer than other productions of the same kind and has lots of "go" to it. It is neither very funny nor very musical, and if it is to remain for the summer its promoters must take advantage of some of the large room for improvement it contains.

Metcalf.

SOME people have their hands full without attending to their own affairs.

THE Tree Planting Association wants to have trees planted along the residence streets in New York, and for a beginning they would like to see the Fifth avenue lined with suitable trees from Washington Square to the Park. LIFE doubts whether trees could be made to prosper on Fifth avenue, but it would like mightily to see the experiment tried. If it succeeds the movement will spread, to the great advantage of the city.

FIRST ANTIQUARIAN: Ah! This manuscript proves that Nero was a more atrocious monster than is generally supposed.

SECOND ANTIQUARIAN: Indeed?

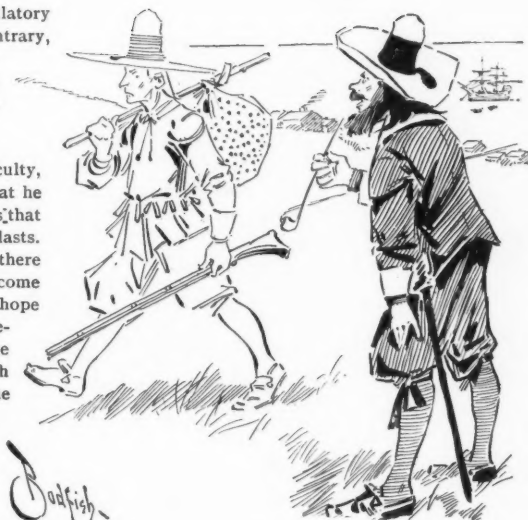
"Yes. We all know that he fiddled while Rome was burning, but here is incontestable evidence that he played a number of popular airs."

MR. BOK SOLVES A PROBLEM.

IT has been held passing strange that woman, gentle and compassionate in other respects, should so often turn a deaf ear to those who plead against the use of birds and parts of birds as adornments. But now Mr. Bok, in the diffident and unassuming style peculiar to his editorial effusions, explains this, and reproves those who have labored hitherto, for their mistaken efforts. It seems that he has frequently been solicited to assist in this reform with the great moral enginery at his command, but the arguments adduced being sentimental, not practical, did not convince him, and hence, naturally, could not convince the women of our country. He explains, further, that women generally are not affected by the efforts put forth on this behalf on account of deficiency of reasoning ability. He admits that the average woman knows that the bird she buys was once alive and is now dead, but that it was killed that she might wear it does not occur to her; "she simply does not think of it." It might be supposed that, with all that has been said and done and written in this matter, so necessary a causation would be evident, even to young women who have to consult Mr. Bok's

periodical in regard to the osculatory proprieties; but he avers the contrary, and, while denying that American women are vain or cruel, or even thoughtless, delicately intimates that they are imbecile.

HAVING thus elucidated the difficulty, it is not surprising to find that he has no hope for the reform, but says that birds will be worn while the world lasts. But, after this pessimistic prophecy, there is true heroism in his willingness to come forth and himself lead a forlorn hope against this desperate lack of comprehension on the part of the average woman. He fully believes that such purely sentimental arguments as the hideously bad taste of the custom, its wholesale destruction of innocent and joyous life, the hushed song of God's feathered minstrels, the sufferings of the birds and of their young, left to a lingering death by starvation, can have no



IN OLE VIRGINIE.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

"TO THE WOODS."

"INJUNS?"

"NO. ANOTHER SHIPLOAD OF OLD MAYDES."

weight with American women; but he has an argument, a practical argument, which will, he says, meet the case. If the birds are killed, insect life flourishes unchecked; unchecked insect life must result in diminished crops, and diminished crops result in increased prices for all agricultural productions; thus proving, by the unanswerable argument of dollars and cents, that women should not encourage the destruction of birds by using them for decorative millinery. This is a very old argument, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Bok had not run across it many years ago and trained his batteries for reform. He can now use it for all it is worth, and it is pleasing to think that practical women, who cannot grasp the fact that a bird must be killed before it is worn, will now, thanks to Mr. Bok, be able to trace out the logical sequence between the trimming of their hats with birds, or parts of birds, and the enhanced cost of beans and cabbages.

MEANWHILE, let those whose relations with American women have not led them to suppose that the pecuniary argument is most potent, retain faith that the average woman is not utterly void of sense and feeling, and that the wearing of birds will pass and go, as other barbarous customs have already disappeared.

Thos. Conyngton.



PEARLS OF ETIQUETTE.

IT IS NOT THE CORRECT THING TO BE CARELESS IN DRESS AT HOME, ANY MORE THAN WHEN ABROAD.

A FAMOUS VICTORY.

(Sometime after Robert Southey.)

'T WAS evening at the White House;
Mark Hanna's work was done,
And he and Brother Dingley
Were sitting in the sun;
While near them, lying on the green,
The Major lounged, with look serene.

Mark saw that Brother Dingley
Had brought his tariff bill.
'Twas round and big and heavy,
And ample space did fill.
He came to ask just what to do
To put that weighty measure through.

The Major took it from the hand
Of him who sat hard by,
And then the Major shook his head,
And gave a natural sigh.
"It means the blasted hopes," said he,
"Of those who helped to victory.

"I hear from these on every side—
Ah! little did they know
When Mark and I got into power
That we would treat them so.
For many thousand votes," said he,
"Were tricked in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Bill Dingley quickly cries;

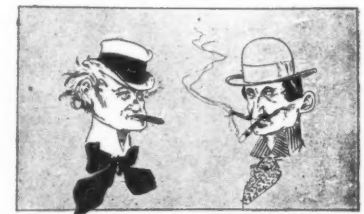
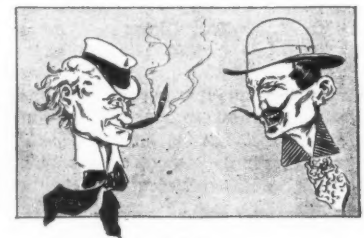
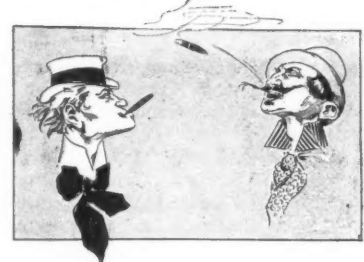
While he and Marcus both looked up
With wonder-feigned surprise.
"Now tell us of this ballot war,
And what these fellows voted for."

"It was pure gold," the Major cried,
"That put the Pops to rout.
The Dems arrayed them on our side,
Though why, they can't find out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"They have not felt the same toward us
Since when the field was won.
Prosperity is still a corpse—
Lies rotting in the sun.
But things like that, you know, must be,
After a famous victory.

"Great praise our Hanna here has won;
He's raised himself quite high."
"Yet 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Quoth Marcus, with a sigh.
"Nay, nay, good guardian," said he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised you, Mark,
Who this great fight did win."
"What good will come of it at last?"
Cried Hanna, with a grin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

HOW THE EQUILIBRIST GAVE THE JUGGLER
A LIGHT.

"THANKS."

THE concert of Europe seems to
have a programme made up
largely of war songs.

OBJECTION SUSTAINED.

"DO you read the *World*?"
asked the attorney who was
cross-examining.

"I object!" cried the lawyer on
the other side.

"Upon what ground?" asked the
Court.

"That my client need not answer
any question that would tend to
degrade and incriminate him."



ENTRANCE TO A NEW YORK SKY-SCRAPER.



Mr. Footinit: DO YOU THINK IT RUDE TO ASK A LADY HER AGE?
"YES, BUT NOT SO RUDE AS TO TRY AND GUESS IT."



THE VAMPIRE.

[Written for the picture by Philip Burne-Jones in the New Gallery, and printed in the London *Daily Mail*.]

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care),
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I!)
Oh the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand,
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.
A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant),
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!)
Oh the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.
The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I!)
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside—
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived but the most of him died—
(Even as you and I!)
And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white hot brand.
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.—*Rudyard Kipling*.

WHEN Governor Sam Houston first visited Washington, he dined in a starched collar with the President of the United States and the leading politicians. At the dinner he tasted champagne for the first time in his life. "Forty-rod" whiskey was good enough for politicians where he came from. But he enjoyed himself, and drank his share of the wine. Towards the end of the dinner olives were handed round. Houston had never seen olives, but tried one and put it back upon his plate. The President looked down the table. "How are you getting on, Governor Houston?" he asked. "Wal, President," said Sam, "I like your cider, but darn your pickles!"—*Wave*.

PALE and proud, she stood before him. In fact, she had him in the corner and he could not depart. "Do I get a '97 wheel?" she asked, and in her tone there was a threat veiled, even as the quinine may be masked by the liquid softness of the rock and rye. "No," said the wretched man, in desperation. "Then," said she, her voice as hard as the inside of a ball-bearing, "I shall see my lawyer to-day. I will buy that wheel out of the alimony."

—*Indianapolis Journal*.

GENERAL Horace Porter, in his article on "Campaigning with Grant," in the *May Century*, tells an amusing story of the explosion of the Petersburg mine. It seems that a prisoner who had been dug out of the crater was carried to one of the field hospitals. Although his eyes were bunged and his face covered with bruises, he was in a very amiable frame of mind. "After this," he said, "I will be the most unpopular man in my regiment. You see, I appeared to get started a little earlier than the other boys that had taken passage with me aboard that volcano; and as I was comin' down, I met the rest of 'em a-goin' up, and they looked as if they had kind o' soured on me, and yelled after me, 'Straggler!'"



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James Clarence Mangan. His Selected Poems, with a Study by Louise Imogen Guiney.

Zuleka. By Clinton Ross.

Pictures of Russian History and Russian Literature. By Prince Serge Wolkonsky.

The Heart of Life. By James Buckham. Boston: Copeland and Day.

The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People. By W. C. Morrow. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

HERE is a sample extract from the latest Scotch novel, which we are told we must admire:

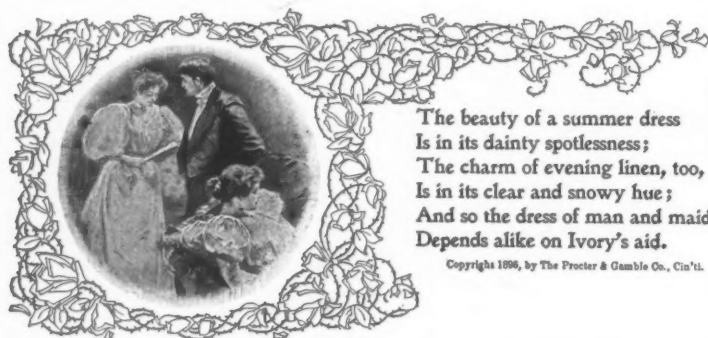
"Wangie's richt stochtery."
"Ay, he'll never gie ye a bit o' naething."
"A'll watch him again. A'll seen be gettin' a penny fae my father."
"A'm gettin' a penny on Setturday."
"Fa fae?"
"Fae oor Geordie."
"Ha! Ha!"
"O, bit a! a!"
"Fat for daein'?"
"Never ye ound fat for daein'."
"O, A kent ye wisna gettin't."
"Bit a am sot gettin't. Surely A ken better gin you."
"It's a' lees, it's a' lees, it's a' lees. Haud yer tongue."
"No, A'll nae haud my tongue. Fat div ye—"
"Fa's gyan owre tae the smiddy?"
"Me." "An me." "An me."

This makes the pages of Ian Maclaren and of Mr. Crockett seem real lucid.—*Boston Herald*.

ONE of the ablest of the Irish members in the House of Commons once said that the Irish landlords were so rapacious that "I believe, Mr. Speaker, if one of these fellows owned land in the heart of Africa, he wouldn't be there a week before he'd have his hands in the pockets of the naked savages!"—*Wave*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Broom's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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Is in its dainty spotlessness;
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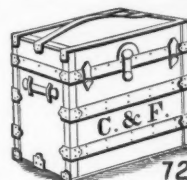
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WM. H. SALE, Capon Springs, W. Va.

IN one of the small New York towns where the residents swap farm products for groceries, a boy was sent to the store by his mother, and this is what an astonished outsider heard him say to the storekeeper: "Mister, ma says you're to please give me a egg's worth of mustard. The hen is on."—*N. Y. Times.*

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or 156 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



TAKEN FROM "THE ENEMY."

"It's an old saying and a true one," remarked Senator Sorghum, with pensive sadness, "that republics are ungrateful. People don't seem to know their own minds. The more you do for them the more they want you to do, and nine times out of ten your best efforts are misconstrued."

"What has happened?"

"One of my constituents has been criticising my attitude on the tariff."

"In what respect?"

"He says I'm wrong in wanting to tax works of art."

"Is he competent to speak?"

"Of course he isn't. He doesn't pay any taxes to speak of and does scarcely any work at all in a campaign. But those who have the least right to talk on a subject always seem to have the most to say. He shuts himself up and spends his time painting pictures and then expects to tell how the country ought to be run."

"Did you convince him that he was mistaken?"

"He didn't have a word to say when I got through. I walked right into the middle of the argument and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself to want to bring all these foreign-painted pictures over here in competition with our home manufactures. Haven't we got the paint? Haven't we got the brushes? And haven't we got the canvas and the cigar-box lids and barns and all the other things that pictures are customarily put onto? Then what under the sun is the use of going to Europe for picture-painting? That's the way I put the question to him."

"Did he make any reply?"

"He said something about its being a misfortune for this country to be deprived of the many old masters that might be brought over under more liberal arrangements. But I silenced him when I told him that what I proposed to do was to encourage the business by keeping out foreign competition, so that in a few years we would be turning out old masters just as cheap as Europe ever dared to. That settled him. He said there wasn't any more use of arguing with me, and went home."—*Philander Johnson, in Washington Star.*

DEAN SWIFT was walking on the Phoenix Road, Dublin, when a thunder-

storm suddenly came on, and he took shelter under a tree where a party were sheltering also—two young women and two young men. One of the girls looked very sad, till as the rain fell her tears began to flow. The dean inquired the cause, and learned that it was her wedding-day. They were on their way to church, and now her white clothes were wet, and she could not go. "Never mind—I'll marry you," said the dean; and he took out his prayer-book and then and there married them, their witnesses being present; and, to make the thing complete, he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and with his pencil wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride. The certificate was worded as follows: "Under a tree in stormy weather, I married this man and woman together; let none but Him who rules the thunder sever this man and woman asunder.—Jonathan Swift, dean of St. Patrick's."—*Wave.*

It needed no experienced eye to determine that he was distinctly rural. There was hayseed in his hair, his boots bore the sign manual of the farm, and he handled knife and fork with the vigorous skill of one accustomed to the daily use of shovel and hoe. After watching me season my meat with a judicious quantity of Tabasco, curiosity got the better of his bashfulness.

"Stranger, is that there stuff good to put on meat?" he inquired.

"Yes, indeed, if one likes seasoning," I replied.

He appeared satisfied with the information and proceeded to try the condiment.

With a reckless liberality, against which I should have warned him, he took the small bottle and shook out a quantity upon his plate. He cut off a large mouthful of meat, rolled it about in the red liquid until thoroughly saturated, popped it into his mouth and bolted it.

What followed may be safely left to the imagination.

When at last the power of speech returned to him he turned to me.

There was more of sorrow than anger in his mind; his face was innocent of frown or smile, and there was impressive compassion in the tone in which he said:

"Stranger, when yer time comes an' yer gits ter hell, yer'll think yer've struck a snow-bank."—*Washington Star.*

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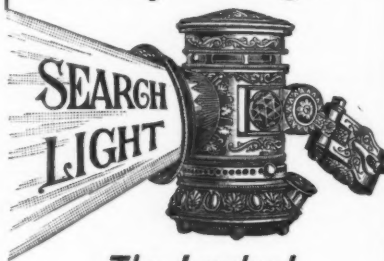
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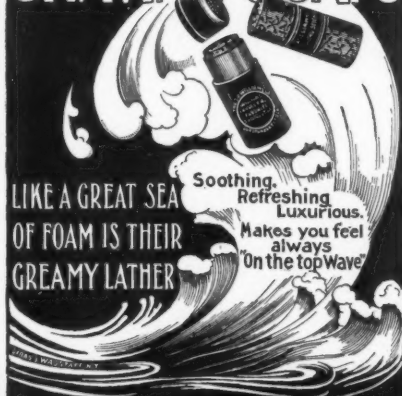
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the London Times, a report was sent out that he
had been beheaded. One of his friends telegraphed
to the correspondent this message: "Rumor here
that your head has been taken off. Is it true?"
The message reached Stillman, and this was his
reply: "My dear boy, a newspaper man never
loses his head."—Argonaut.

A CHARACTERISTIC story is told of a New
England man and his wife who live very method-
ically. One evening at exactly 9 o'clock they
went to the kitchen to make the final preparations
for the night. "Marthy," said the husband, after
a few moments, "hev ye wiped the sink dry yit?"
"Yes, Josiah," she replied, "why do you ask?"
"Well," he answered, "I did want a drink,
but I guess I'll git along till the morning."

—New York Tribune.

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Pears' Soap.

AN Irish conductor on a branch of Boston's West End railroad came into the car one day and called out, "Wan seat on the roight! Sit closer on the roight, an' mek room for the ledly phwat's standing." A big, surly-looking man who was occupying space enough for two said, sullenly, "We can't sit any closer." "Can't yeez?" retorted the little conductor; "begorry, you niver wint coortin', thin." It is needless to add that room was made "on the roight" for the lady.—Unidentified Exchange.